JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSICK by Mr. HANDEL.

DUBLIN:

Printed by *JAMES HOEY.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

To His Royal Highness

PRINCE WILLIAM,

Duke of Cumberland,

THIS FAINT PORTRAITURE

OF A

Truly Wiſe, Valiant, and Virtuous

COMMANDER

As to the Poſſeſſor of the like Noble Qualities,

IS

With the moſt profound Reſpect and Veneration,

INSCRIBED,

By His Royal Highness's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt devoted Servant,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

UDAS MACCABÆUS.

IMON, *his Brother.*

HORUS of *Iſraelitiſh* Men and Women

JUDAS

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

A

SACRED DRAMA.

PART I.

Chorus of *Iſraelites*, Men and Women, lamenting the Death of *Mattathias*, Father of *Judas Maccabæus*.

MOURN, *ye afflicted Children, the Remains*
Of captive Judah, *mourn in ſolemn Strains;*
Your ſanguine Hopes of Liberty give o'er;
Your Father, Friend, and Hero is no more.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Well, Brethren, may your Sorrows flow
In all th' expreſſive Signs of Woe;
Your ſotter Garments tear,

Your drooping Heads with Aſhes ſtrew,
And with the flowing Tear your Cheeks bedew.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Daughters, let your diſtreſsful Cries,
And loud Lament aſcend the Skies;
Your tender Boſoms beat, and tear
With Hands remorſeleſs your diſhevell'd Hair.
For pale and breathleſs *Mattathias* lies:
Sad Emblem of his Country's Miſeries!

DUET.

From this dread Scene, theſe adverſe Pow'rs,
Ah! whither ſhall we fly?
O Solyma, *thy boaſted Tow'rs*
In ſmoky Ruins lie.
Ah whither ſhall we fly?

CHORUS.

For Sion *Lamentation make,*
With Words that weep, and Tears that ſpeak.

RECITATIVE.

Simon

Not vain is all this Storm of Grief,
To vent our Sorrows gives Relief.
Wretched indeed! But let not *Judah*'s Race
Their Ruin with deſponding Arms embrace.
Diſtractful Doubt and Deſperation,
Ill become the choſen Nation,
Choſen by the great *I AM*,
The Lord of Hoſts, who, ſtill the ſame,

We truſt, will give attentive Ear
To the Sincerity of Pray'r.

AIR.

Pious Orgies, pious Airs,
Decent Sorrow, decent Pray'rs,
Will to the Lord Aſcend and move
His Pity, and regain his Love.

CHORUS.

O Father, whoſe almighty Pow'r
The Heav'ns, and Earth, and Seas adore!
The Hearts of Judah, *thy Delight,*
In one defenſive Band unite.
Grant us a Leader bold, and brave,
If not to conquer, born to ſave.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

I feel, I feel the Deity within,
Who, the bright *Cherubim* between,
His radiant Glory erſt diſplay'd:
To *Iſrael*'s diſtreſsful Pray'r
He hath vouchſaf'd a gracious Ear,
And points out *Maccabæus* to their Aid.
JUDAS ſhall let the Captive free,
And lead us on to Victory.

AIR.

Arm, arm ye Brave; a noble Cauſe,
The Cauſe of Heav'n your Zeal demands;
In defence of your Nation, Religion, and Laws,
The Almighty Jehovah *will ſtrengthen your Hands,*

CHORUS.

We come, we come, in bright Array,
Judah, *thy Scepter to obey.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

'Tis well, my Friends; with Tranſport I behold
The Spirit of our Fathers, fam'd of old,
For their Exploits in War.---O may *their* Fire
With active Courage *you* their Sons inſpire:
As when the mighty *Joſhua* fought,
And thoſe amazing wonders wrought;
Stood ſtill, obedient to his Voice, the Sun,
'Till kings he had deſtroy'd, and Kingdoms won.

AIR.

Call forth thy Pow'rs, my Soul, and dare
The Conflict of unequal War:
Great is the Glory of the conquering Sword,
That triumphs in ſweet Liberty reſtor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

To Heav'n's almighty King we kneel,
For Bleſſings on this exemplary Zeal.
Bleſs him, *Jehovah*, bleſs him, and once more
To thine own *Iſrael* Liberty reſtore.

AIR.

AIR.

Come, ever-ſmiling Liberty,
And with thee bring thy jocund Train;
For thee we pant, and ſigh for thee,
With whom eternal Pleaſures reign. *

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Theſe noble Views, O *Judas*, ſhall inſpire
Our eager Souls with thy heroick Fire.

AIR

'Tis Liberty, dear Liberty alone,
That gives freſh Beauty to the Sun;
That makes all Nature look more gay,
And lovely Life with Pleaſure ſteal away.

CHORUS

Lead on, lead on, Judah *diſdains*
The galling load of hoſtile Chains,

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

So will'd my zealous Father, now at reſt,
In the eternal Manſions of the Bleſt;
'Can ye behold ſaid he, the Miſeries
"In which the long-inſulted *Judah* lies?

* The following Air was deſign'd, and wrote, for this Place, but it got I know not how, into the *Occaſional Oratorio*, and was there incomparably Set, and as finely executed,

O Liberty, thou choiceſt Treaſure,
Seat of Virtue, Source of Pleaſure?
Life without thee knows no Bleſſing,
No Endearment worth careſſing.

"Can ye behold their dire Diſtreſs,
"And not, at leaſt, attempt Redreſs? ----
Then faintly, with expiring Breath ----
"Reſolve, my Sons, on Liberty, or Death.

RECITATIVE accompany'd.

We come, O ſee, thy Sons prepare
The rough Habiliments of War;
With Hearts intrepid, and revengeful Hands,
To execute, O Sire, thy dread Commands.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Diſdainful of Danger, we'll ruſh on the Foe,
That thy Pow'r, O Jehovah, *all Nations may know.*

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Ambition! it e'er Honour was thine Aim.
Challenge it here. ---- Then
The glorious Cauſe gives Sanction to thy claim.

AIR.

No unhallow'd Deſire
Our Breaſts ſhall inſpire,
Nor Luſt of unbounded Pow'r;
But Peace to obtain;
Free Peace let us gain,
And Conqueſt ſhall ask no more.

CHORUS.

Hear us, O Lord, on thee thy Servants call,
Reſolv'd on Conqueſt, or a glorious Fall.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

PART II.

CHORUS.

FA L' N *is the Foe* --- *So fall thy Foes, O Lord,*
Where warlike Judas *wields his righteous Sword.*

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

Victorious Hero! Fame ſhall tell
With her laſt Breath, how *Appollonius* fell,
And all *Samaria* fled by thee purſued,
Through Hills of Carnage, and a Sea of Blood.
While thy reſiſtleſs Power dealt around,
With their own Leaders Sword, the deathful Wound.
Thus too the haughty *Seron*, *Syria*'s Boaſt,
Before thee fell, with his unnumber'd Hoſt.

AIR.

So rapid thy Courſe is,
Not numberleſs Forces
Withſtand thy all conquering Sword;
Tho' Nations ſurround thee,
No Pow'r ſhall confound thee,
'Till Freedom again be reſtor'd.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O let eternal Honours crown his Name;
Judas! firſt *Worthy* in the Rolls of Fame.
Say "He put on the Breaſt-plate as a Giant,
" And girt his warlike Harneſs about him.
" In his Acts he was like a Lion,
" And like a Lion's Whelp roaring for his Prey *.

AIR.

From mighty Kings he took the Spoil,
And with his Acts made Judah *ſmile*;
Judah *rejoiceth in his Name,*
And triumphs in her Hero's Fame.

CHORUS.

Hail, hail Judea, *happy Land*!
Salvation proſpers in his Hand,

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

Thanks to my Brethren, ---- but look up to Heav'n;
To Heav'n let Glory, and all Praiſe be giv'n;
To Heav'n give your Applauſe,
Nor add *the ſecond Cauſe*,
As once your Fathers did in *Midian*,
Saying, the Sword of *God* and *Gideon*.
It is the Lord, who for his *Iſrael* fought,
And this our wonderful Salvation wrought.

* 1 Maccab. iii. 3, &c.

AIR.

How vain is Man, who boaſts in Fight,
The Valour of Gigantick Might;
And dreams not that a Hand unſeen
Guides and directs this weak Machine!

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger.

O *Judas*, O my Brethren!
New Scenes of Bloody War
In all their Horrors riſe.
Prepare' prepare,
Or ſoon we fall a Sacrifice
To great *Antiochus*; from th' *Egyptian* Coaſt,
(Where *Ptolomy* hath *Memphis* and *Peluſium* loſt,)
He ſends the valiant *Gorgias*, and commands
His proud victorious Bands
To root out *Iſrael*'s Strength, and to eraſe
Ev'ry Memorial of the *Sacred Place*.

AIR and CHORUS.

Ah! wretched, wretched Iſrael! *fall'n how low,*
From joyous Tranſport to deſponding Woe.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Be comforted. ---- Nor think theſe Plagues are ſent
For your Deſtruction, but for Chaſtiſement.
Heav'n oft' in mercy puniſheth; that Sin
May feel its own Demerits, from within,
And urge not utter Ruin.---- turn to God,
And draw a Bleſſing from his Iron Rod.

AIR.

The Lord worketh Wonders
His Glory to raiſe,
And ſtill as he thunders
Is fearful in Praiſe

RECITATIVE.

Judas.

My Arms! ---- Againſt this *Gorgias* will I go ----
The *Idumean* Governor ſhall know;
How vain, how ineffective his Deſign,
While Rage *his* Leader, and *Jehovah* mine.

AIR.

Sound an Alarm. ---- Your ſilver Trumpets ſound,
And call the Brave, and only brave, around. ----
Who liſteth, follow; —— to the Field again.
Juſtice with Courage is a thouſand Men.

CHORUS.

We hear, we hear the pleaſing dreadful Call:
And follow thee to Conqueſt; — If to fall; ——
For laws, Religion, Liberty, we fall.

RECITATIVE.

Simon.

Enough. — To Heav'n we leave the Reſt
Such gen'rous Ardour firing ev'ry Breaſt,
We may divide our cares. —— The Field be thine,
O *Judas*, and the *Sanctuary* mine.

Lo

Lo *Sion*, holy SION, Seat of God,
In ruinous Heaps is by the Heathen trod;
Such Profanation calls for ſwift redreſs,
If e'er in Battel *Iſrael* hopes ſucceſs.

AIR.

With Pious Hearts, and brave as pious,
O Sion, *we thy call attend:*
Nor dread the Nations that defy us,
God our Defender, God our friend.

RECITATIVE.
Iſraelitiſh Man.

Ye Worſhipers of God!
Down, down with the polluted Altars; down;
Hurl *Jupiter Olympius* from his Throne,
Nor rev'rence *Bacchus* with his Ivy Crown,
And Ivy-wreathed Rod.
Our Fathers never knew
Him, or his beaſtly Crew,
Or knowing, ſcorn'd ſuch idol Vanities.

RECITATIVE.
Iſraelitiſh Woman.

No more in *Sion*, let the Virgin Throng,
Wild with Deluſion pay their nightly Song
To *Aſhtoreth*, yclep'd the *Queen of Heav'n:*
Hence to *Phœnicia* be the Goddeſs driv'n;
Or be ſhe with her Prieſts, and Pageants, hurl'd
To the remoteſt corner of the World;
Ne'er to delude us more with pious Lies.

DUET.

O never, never bow we down,
To the rude Stock, or ſculptur'd Stone:
But ever worſhip Iſrael's *God,*
Ever obedient to his Nod. [Da Capo.]

CHORUS.

We never, never will bow down
To the rude Stock or ſculptur'd Stone. ——
We worſhip God, and God alone.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

PART III.

Iſraelitiſh *Prieſt.* [Having recovered the *Sanctuary, &c*]

AIR.

FATHER of Heav'n, from thy eternal Throne,
Look with an Eye of Bleſſing down;
While we prepare with holy Rites,
To ſolemniſe the Feaſt of Lights.
And thus our grateful Hearts employ;
And in thy Praiſe.
This Altar raiſe,
With Carols of triumphant Joy.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Man.

See, ſee, yon Flames that from the Altar broke,
In ſpiry Streams purſue the trailing Smoke;
The fragrant Incenſe mounts the yielding Air;
Sure Preſage, that the Lord hath heard our Pray'r.

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long Woes may ceaſe,
And *Judah*'s Daughters taſte the calm of Peace;
Sons, Brothers, Husbands to bewail no more,

AIR.

So ſhall the Lute, and Harp awake,
And ſprightly Voice ſweet Deſcant run;
Seraphick melody to make,
In the ſweet ſtrains of Jeſſe's *Son.*

Iſraelitiſh Meſſenger. *

From *Capharſelama*, on Eagle Wings I fly,
With Tidings of impetuous Joy.
Came *Lyſias*, with his Hoſt, array'd
In Coat of Mail, their maſſy Shields
Of Gold and Braſs, flaſh'd Lightning through the fields.
While the huge Tow'r-back'd Elephants diſplay'd
A horrid front, but *Judas*, undiſmay'd,
Met, fought, and vanquiſh'd all the rageful train.
Nor could the bold *Arabians* ſave
Their Chief, *Timotheus*, from a Coward's Grave.
Yet more *Nicanor*, is with thouſands ſlain;
The blaſphemous *Nicanor*, who defy'd
The living God, and in his wanton Pride,
A Monument ordain'd
Of Victories yet ungain'd.
But lo! the Conqueror comes, and on his Spear
To diſſipate all Fear,
He bears the Vaunter's Head, and Hand,
That threaten'd Deſolation to the Land.

CHORUS.

Sing unto God, and high Affections raiſe,
To crown this Conqueſt with unmeaſur'd Praiſe.

* Several Incidents were introduced here by way of *Meſſeng* and *Chorus*, in order to make the Story more compleat, but it thought they would make the Performance too long and there were not Set, and therefore not Printed; this being deſign'd, not a finiſh'd Poem, but merely as an *Oratorio*.

RECITATIVE.

JUDAS.

Sweet flow the Strains, that ſtrike my feaſted Ear, --.
Angels might ſtoop from Heav'n, to hear
The comely Songs ye ſing,
To *Iſrael*'s Lord and King. ----
But pauſe awhile. --- due Obſequies prepare,
To thoſe who bravely fell in War. ---
To *Eleazar* ſpecial Tribute pay. ----
Through ſlaughter'd Troops he cut his way
To the diſtinguiſh'd Elephant, and, whelm'd beneath
The deep-ſtabb'd monſter triumph'd in a glorious death

AIR.

With Honour let Deſert be crown'd;
The Trumpet near in vain ſhall ſound;
But all attentive to Alarms,
The willing Nations fly to Arms:
And conquering, or conquer'd, claim the Prize,
Of happy Earth, or far more happy Skies.

EUPOLEMUS. [The *Jewiſh* Embaſſador to *Rome*.]
Peace to my Countrymen; — Peace, and Liberty
From the great Senate of imperial *Rome*,
With a firm League of Amity, I come.
Rome, whate'er Nation dare inſult us more,
Will roule, in our defence, her Veteran Pow'r;
And ſtretch her vengeful Arm, by Land, or Sea,
" To curb the Proud, and ſet the Injur'd free.

CHORUS.

To our great God, be all the Honour giv'n,
Thar grateful Hearts can ſend from Earth to Heav'n

RECITATIVE.

Iſraelitiſh Woman.

Again to Earth let Gratitude deſcend.---
Praiſe worthy is our Hero, and our Friend. ----
Come, my fair Daughters, choiceſt Art beſtow,
To weave a Chaplet for the Victor's Brow;
And in your Songs for ever be confeſs'd,
" The Valour that preſerv'd, the Pow'r that bleſs'd
Bleſs'd you with Hours, that ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft Quiet, gentle Love, and boundleſs Joy.

AIR.

O lovely Peace, with Plenty crown'd,
Come, ſpread thy Bleſſings all around;
Let fleecy Flocks the Hills adorn,
And Vallies ſmile with wavy Corn:
Let the ſhrill Trumpet ceaſe, nor other ſound,
But Nature's Songſters, wake the chearful Morn.

AIR and CHORUS.

Simon.

Rejoice, O Judah, *and in* Songs *divine,*
With Cherubin *and* Seraphin *harmonious join.*

Halleluja, &c.

FINIS.

By the *ſpecial* Command of his EXCELLENCY
WILLIAM Earl of HARRINGTON.

For the Benefit of the *Hoſpital* for
Poor Diſtreſſed LYING IN WOMEN
in *George*'s-Lane.

At the Great *Muſick-Hall* in *Fiſhamble-Street*, On *Thurſday* Night the 11th. of this Inſtant *February* 1747-8, will be PERFORMED

Mr. *HANDEL*'s

Laſt Celebrated and Grand ORATORIO,
Call'd

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

N. B. This is the firſt Time it has been Perform'd in this Kingdom.

This *Hoſpital*, which is the firſt and only Publick one of the kind in his *Majeſty*'s Dominions was open'd in *March* 1745, by ſome Gentlemen who by their ſubſcriptions and the benefit ariſing

from two Plays, two Oratorio's, and a few private Benefactions, amounting in the whole to about 900*l.* have fitted up a large Houſe in an open good Air, with 24 Beds, provided all kinds of neceſſary Furniture, ſupplied Maintenance for the poor Women, Children, Houſ-keeper and Nurſes, and have had ſuch Succeſs that before the 25th. of *January* laſt, 567 poor Women with proper Certificates of their Poverty and Character, have been admitted; of whom 561 have been ſafely delivered of 312 Boys and 263 Girls, 14 of the Women having had Twins. Diſcharged 539 Women with 306 Boys and 259 Girls, all very well; died 4 Women of Fevers ſeveral days after they were ſafely delivered, and 16 Children chiefly of Fits. Remain in the *Hoſpital* 24 Women, 6 of whom are not yet delivered. There are daily ſuch Numbers applying for the Benefit of this great *Charity* that it is impoſſible to receive them all, 'till the *Charitable* encouragement of the Publick enable the Governors to Set up more Beds

*** It is juſtly Remark'd that ſince the foundation of this *Charity*, rhere has not been a Child found Murthered in the City or Suburbs of *Dublin*.

BRITISH 28 JY 34 MUSEUM